



The Coronet



The Coronet

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MAY LEBBY SMITH - - - - - *Editor*

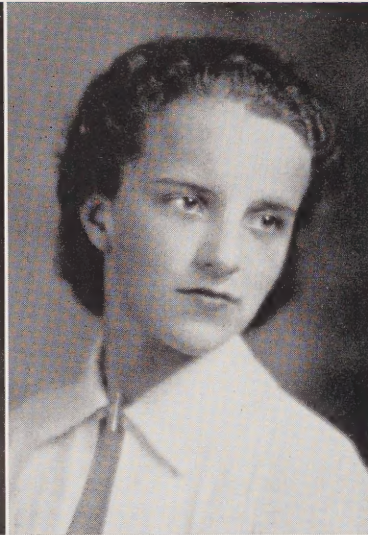
MARGARET TRUE - - - - - *Business Manager*

WE PAUSE TO

Recognize



BATTEN



THOMPSON



ORR

ANNE BATTEN

and we've been waiting for the opportunity for a long time. When Anne enrolled at Queens four years ago it was generally known that her scholastic rating would continue to soar, and that her ability in other fields would be recognized. Her quiet and sincere manner has a way of letting you know that you can depend on her. Here is a girl who realizes her responsibility in the positions in which she has been placed, and she undertakes anything connected with her office. Now Anne is *not* the most forward person we know, and she doesn't enjoy making speeches, but if she is asked, as the president of the Literary Societies, or as a representative student, to talk in chapel, she responds willingly. That's what we like about her. She is capable, persevering, attractively brilliant, and cheerful about this whole business of living.

LOISE THOMP- SON

an energetic, dark-haired, bright-eyed *worker*. Last year, Loise, then a sophomore, displayed unusual talent as a writer of short-stories, poetry, and plays, for these products of her pen are as individual and clever as the writer. Her poetry shows the sprightliness in her nature, her sunny and elfin-like personality. Short stories and sketches by Loise reflect a beautiful fanciful, magical touch as different as her name. But this mysterious and imaginative quality belonging to the girl is balanced by a sense of exactitude and reality belonging to the student. This balance is evident in the historical plays which she has written for production at Queens.

Like to know this interesting person? Then look for a mere child presiding in a junior class meeting, or bouncing into the Creative Writers' midst to lead them, or shooping your friends into Mr. Phillip's studio.

JEAN ORR

and there's no placing of the finger on any definite reason. There is a blurred, mixed variety of phrases floating around in our minds that go "round and round" and come out like this: She certainly handles the chapel programs well, and that picture of her in the paper as a sponsor for a Davidson house party was a knockout. Well, there's nothing surprising about that—she looks just like it. She does a lot of work in different organizations, and believes in smiling at freshmen the first of the year. But what has she done to make us realize that she is one out of the crowd? We believe that she has shown, by little touches and steady loyalty, that she is fitted for any responsible position at the college. It is perfectly plain that she does a great deal in a quiet way, or we would be more definite about what it is.

Editorial "MOMENTS"

A SINGLE moment can never be recaptured. We may never possess for a second time the thrill of meeting a friend in a strange city—or the anguish of our first night in a college dormitory. Some moments of sheer beauty we would wish repeated again and again, while other spaces of ugly thoughts are shunned and avoided. Yet our thoughts and moments are not beyond our control, if we but plan our spending of them. You and I are here on this green earth with its abundance of opportunity for a certain period—a short, short time in the span of eternity. And we trail moments behind us, dropping them on inconsequential pastimes, even forgetting where we place these pieces of our lives. We waste our moments which we can never cram into a later hour.

A chapel talk by Dr. Frazer not so many weeks ago seems to emphasize a part of this idea. He spoke of our performing our own individual tasks well. Combining this thought with ours we have a maxim that each of us should use. Do your own work well every moment of your life. Be thoroughly alive to all around you, so that your task may have every possible chance to succeed.

Now when you think how important one moment is—your only time to do a particular kindness, your one opportunity to create a new thought—how foolish we are

to waste such a treasure. We spend thousands of moments setting the scene for study or work. We waste hundreds of hours with worthless companions. We often scar many otherwise beautiful years by choosing the wrong course. Of course we are told that no moment is wasted, that each may be found in our life-pattern. But some are found that have been used wrongly, flagrantly, and their part in the pattern has been to hinder our work, to overshadow a lovely thought. So it is important that we choose our paths early in life and spend our moments accordingly. We must learn not to scatter these bits of our lives on idleness and useless pleasures. Instead we must apply every force within us to our work, feel intensely each joyful moment we spend on worthwhile pastimes.

In using our moments, we must live fully, taking as much of this wide world to our hearts as possible, making each moment count for a part of our life work. Let's not sell our jewel-like time so cheaply. Remember yesterday's sunshine, and we were in the dark theatre? How much of the comedy will we remember, or will affect our lives next week or next year? A walk with a friend, a country ride could brush the mist from our minds, and the flash of a cardinal's wing could thrill our hearts. Think of tomorrow and promise yourself that you will remember the fleeting quality of a moment, and use it wisely.

WHILE BEING A

Sophomore

WE'VE often wondered just who or what makes the wheels of the sophomore class go around, and a conclusion has been reached. Here are some of the leaders and workers in the class. Whom would you pick as THE force? Mary Currie, president, leads her class in the matter of dependability and force. She launches a project and never stops pushing until it is a success. Jo McDonald is the perfect committee woman, and one who does the dirty work with no complaints. Nancy McIver is capable, trustworthy, and the pleasantest of souls. Doodle Dulin is original and a rock of Gibraltar when it comes to drama. (No, she does not act like one), but she plays old women, babes in arms, the duchess, and a Turkish sultan, without losing her plait. Anita Stewart and Jo Hackney are a pair second to none in our musical and artistic circles. Anita paints artistically and in a lighter mood makes a charming monkey. Jo performs on the organ, piano, and accordion, when not carrying the class around in her car, or working on an entertainment. Speaking of music, the sophomore class furnishes quite a few of the college musicians—Marie Neikirk, Charlotte Stanley, Harriete Truesdale, Freddie

Ward, Miriam Dodd Little, Becky Cooke, Martha Stewart and the aforementioned pair. We could have put Jean Carter in that list, but we think she belongs in the class with those irrepressible nuts, Emma Renn and Pidge, who furnish life and spirit enough and half enough wit for the rest of the class. Ask for the little person who puts things over, who works herself down to a string, and makes enviable marks, and you'll be presented to Jane Wiley. Lib Calder is the athletic prop of the class, and does a winning job of it too. Lura Coffey is in the race because of her literary ability and consistently good work, and Lillian Smith is right there because she is the typical soph—clever, likeable, interested in her college, and a swell girl. And then there's that group which always backs everything so willingly and offers a helping hand—Martha Johnston, Helen Jordan, V. V. Taylor, Barbara Shatzer, Ruth Morrison, Julia Thomas, Dorothy Whitfield, and in fact, the rest of the class.

And stop trying to pick THE leader. Don't you know that every single cog and piece in a machine has a part in making the contraption go?



MARTHA E. ALEXANDER
Charlotte, N. C.

MARGUERITE BALLARD
Hiddenite, N. C.

HARRIET BROWN
Gainesville, Florida

ELIZABETH CALDER
Charlotte, N. C.

LURA COFFEY
North Wilkesboro, N. C.

LOUISE CRANE
Hickory, N. C.

ELIZABETH CRANFORD
Gastonia, N. C.

LYNCH CROCKETT
Tazewell, Virginia



Every Soph a Leader

MARGARET DAVIS
Winnsboro, S. C.

MARTHA GREY
Charlotte, N. C.

EDNA HUNTER
Laurens, S. C.

DORIS JOINES
Matthews, N. C.

ORA LEE DOUGHERTY
Bryson City, N. C.

FRANCES GUNN
Sanford, N. C.

Helen Jenkins
Charlotte, N. C.

HELEN JORDAN
Charlotte, N. C.

LUCILE JORDAN DULIN
Charlotte, N. C.

LUCILLE HILL
Bennettsville, S. C.

MARTHA JOHNSTON
Charlotte, N. C.

CAROLYN KUYKENDAL
Matthews, N. C.

MARGARET GARRISON
Easley, S. C.

LOIS HODGES
Charlotte, N. C.

MARGARET JOHNSTON
Etowah, Tennessee

EUGENIA LAFFITTE
Estill, S. C.

HARD TIMES

A STUDENT usually finds that her sophomore year is one of hard work and little glory. She is no longer a freshman, the pampered darling of the campus, but she's not old enough in college years to be a leader. This is her year of apprenticeship, and at times she finds it very disheartening. But are our sophomores complaining this year or moping in corners? Not a bit of it. They have accepted their position and turned their year into just about the happiest of the four. They are carving a special and private niche for the sophomore class at Queens. They band together into the most cooperative group on the campus, and each student stands behind the leader. You may find them on campus much of the time forming the largest part of the attendance at meetings and entertainments. They realize that their time is not crowded with the activities of the upperclassmen, so the sophomores are making it their duty to be a responsive part of the student body. Who won the coveted cup at "Stunt Night?" Who was joint hostess for the most successful costume ball in the history of the college? Who initiated a sane "Rat Week" this year, the liveliest one yet? CLASS OF '38.

MARY CURRIE
President of
Sophomore Class
Wallace, N. C.



But Who Won the

MIRIAM DODD LITTLE
Charlotte, N. C.

ELIZABETH MARTIN
Charlotte, N. C.

RUTH MORRISON
Charlotte, N. C.

NANCY McIVER
Gulf, N. C.

ANNE MADRE
Memphis, Tennessee

CATHERINE MOORE
Indian Trail, N. C.

JOSEPHINE McDONALD
Hamlet, N. C.

MARY MCRAE
Ellerbe, N. C.



Cup on Stunt Night?

MARIE NEIKIRK
Charlotte, N. C.

LILLIAN SMITH
Greer, S. C.

MARY KATHERINE STORK
Mt. Gilead, N. C.

FREDDIE WARD
Bainbridge, Georgia

SARA PAXTON
Matthews, N. C.

CHARLOTTE STANLEY
Port Gibson, Mississippi

VIRGINIA TAYLOR
Charlotte, N. C.

DOROTHY WHITFIELD
Charlotte, N. C.

MARTHA RANEY
LaFayette, Alabama

ANITA STEWART
Charlotte, N. C.

JULIA THOMAS
Charlotte, N. C.

JANE WILEY
Charlotte, N. C.

BARBARA SHATZER
Charlotte, N. C.

MARTHA STEWART
Greenville, S. C.

HARRIETT TRUESDALE
Kershaw, S. C.

HELEN WILLIAMS
Easley, S. C.

Campus Diary



MARGARET CALDER

DEAR DIARY:

Going to college is certainly a life in itself. I had forgotten how it would feel to sleep in the morning, visit the ice-box between meals, and scratch my dog's head until I went home Christmas. And I'm so much more important there now because I'm a freshman at college. It was really hard to make it back here January 3rd. But everyone has been so full of her Christmas that it's taken until now for us to calm down.

And then the fire—Helen Malloy grabbing her clothes and Lib Maynard without hers. But no damage done.

January 25: The real damage came to us the week of January 20. Freshmen didn't know what to expect and are still quaking. Somehow these didn't seem like high school exams. And our grades won't seem that way either. But we kept cool and we still think this the best college yet—exams. or no.

January 30: Whew, I'm dead tired—just came in from a snow fight which we helped the juniors win. The seniors lost to us and were we proud when Dr. Frazer presented the cup to Mary Wilson. We frosh even got in the junior picture—and we deserved it! Speaking of juniors, Margaret Calder will make one lovely maid-of-honor for Bettie. She has the grace and perfect coloring for that coveted role. And since May Day is sponsored by the Athletic Association, it is fitting that a prominent athlete, and a beautiful one too be chosen for the Queen's main attendant.

February 14: And Valentine Night was a real one, with dates and everything. Juniors and freshmen were responsible for a grand party which began with a musical program in the auditorium and ended with ice-cream

in the dining room. MEN flocked from out of the West and from everywhere to meet the Females of the Institute and they discovered that quite a few of the aforementioned were good to look at. Our array of Queens on the stage was a sight for any kind of eyes—Mary Frances in gold tissue lame with a wreath of golden leaves in her curls, Jo Long in white with crystals, and Jean Orr in white with green jeweled belt—and each one, in fact, struck me as regal. Six of the nominees were brunettes, and only two were blondes! But a blonde won—and Jane Wiley in powder blue made a lovely queen.

February 18.

Last night was one big occasion for everyone, particularly for the seniors. For they brought Emory Glee Club here for a beautiful concert—and such harmony as I've never heard before. I didn't realize that each class sponsored one entertainment each year, but if the programs are as unusual as last night's, I'll gladly pay the price. Hope the seniors made plenty—Mary Phillips certainly worked hard to put it over.

BY A FRESHMAN.



SNAPSHOTS

It seems our camera gal doesn't miss a trick—so mind your P's and Q's.

Doodle and Courtney are probably looking up to see Hodge looking down to snap that next picture—or maybe they both passed their chemistry and feel like strutting.

That appears to be a group of freshmen—how do we tell? Oh, they have on funny little caps, and they look worried over having their picture taken.

That next is just a picture of the Music building for you to keep in case you ever forget about chapel.

Aha! These three snaps tell a story. That ugly expression on Doodle's face shows that she finds that studies in Burwell Hall and fun in Kappa Delta sorority house don't always mix.

Emma's singing, Marie is listening (pained expression), Madeline is—my word, she's chewing, and Courtney is only slightly amused. And Martha Johnston tells Martha Alexander to finish copying her notes by 1:30.

Up above is a gal who really enjoys going to classes—Eleanor Burris—just tickled to death with that load of books. And who's pulling a Garbo behind her—hand over her face? Clyde will get her yet.

Tricky shot of Blair Union—both doors open so that we see the front columns through the back door. Looks like you could take a running jump and go straight through—Spring fever!

LEO - A PERSONAL APPRECIATION

HUNDREDS of miles, from Carnegie Hall, New York, comes the music of the PATHETIC SYMPHONY, Tschaikowski's Sixth. It fills the room with its beautiful harmonies, bringing with it, this particular Sunday evening, a kind of peace. And out of the music, comes a picture of a man sitting in the last row of the balcony in Symphony Hall in Boston, Leo, Professor Lewis, teacher of music. His handsome, white head, keeping time imperceptibly, now watches the players, and now bends to the score on his knees. On either side of him sit young people, his students. I am there, listening with him to a great classic. In some indefinable way, these students are absorbing some of his deep satisfaction. These students have spent many hours with him, and have partaken of his appreciation. How wonderful it is that a great teacher can thus pass a part of his love and understanding of beauty. I wonder how many tonight, of the men and women who studied with this man, are listening with me to this great music. How many of his students, now far away from those quiet college days, are listening, and remembering—Leo.

In a low-ceilinged room, above the men's gymnasium, we studied *Harmony* and *Music Appreciation*. Does he still teach in that room, I wonder? There, for the first time I heard this Tschaikowski Symphony. We had, what Leo called, "Music Lab," which meant that each student indulged in a weekly feast of good music. I expect that the misnomer—"lab" was consciously designed to delude us into thinking we were working. The term connoted something laborious. There

in the music room, alone or in pairs, we were allowed to spend several hours playing Leo's piano rolls on the big concert grand with its cumbersome mechanical attachment on the front. We played Beethoven, Chopin, Mozart . . . over and over again . . . and Bach. For Leo was the proud possessor of Bach's entire *Well Tempered Clavichord*, for pianola.

Leo's house, on Professor's Row, is a place as familiar as his class room to his students. There they are always welcome. In the garden he's often to be seen working, in old clothes, tending his grapevines, his apple-trees and his garden. Inside the house is a jumble of books, music, pictures, and old programs. And there is always Mrs. Lewis . . . I remember her playing her charming children's songs. . . The first time I went to Leo's house during my freshman year is still very clear to me. It was a cold, late February afternoon. There had been classes all morning, and a dreary lab all afternoon. By six o'clock, I was very ready to return home, a tired day-student. But I could not. I was to play my 'cello that evening at some college affair . . . And then Leo happened along. His twinkling eyes appraised me, my brief case, my 'cello, my tiredness.

"Come on home to dinner," he said to me . . . And I did.

French with Leo, (for he taught French then, too), my Freshman year, was a course I greatly enjoyed. It was upstairs in Ballou Hall. In the back row, one of the men students came always accompanied by his dog, a highly trained animal. When the time came for Leo to give out the assignment, this particular student—his

name is long ago forgotten—used to kick his dog. Thereupon the poor animal gave out a pathetic noise, something between a howl and a very human groan . . . (Often when I give a particularly long assignment in my own classes today, I think of that student and his vicarious groans. But luckily no dogs are allowed in my classroom.) Then there was Leo's yellow booklet containing his famous 1010 idioms beginning "avoir beaucoup a faire" and ending "le Tiers-Etat." I learned them, every one, in my daily commuting, to the accompaniment of subway screeches and pounding wheels . . . But there was much beside French in that class—his reminiscences and philosophy, his zest for things.

But Music Appreciation and Harmony were the courses where Leo was at his best. How I enjoyed them! Sometimes he would tell of his travels abroad when he was a young man. Once he told of visiting the Bayreuth theatre and listening to the great Richard Wagner direct. Apparently visitors were not allowed at rehearsals, but somehow Leo had managed to get in. Especially interested was I when he told of hiding behind a pillar to watch the maestro conduct. The Leo we knew could never conceal himself behind a pillar, unless it was more than usually large. I wondered what he had been like as a slender youth.

And once we saw Leo angry. Before the class bell had struck, we were gathered about the piano listening to one of the men students play "Yes, We Have No Bananas" Leo came striding in. He cast a baleful eye on the performer and then delivered a

free opinion of that jazz classic of stolen melodies. The thousands of dollars it had earned, he said, belonged to the composers from whom the writer had pilfered. How he hated that piece!

Leo's "systems" were our great amusement. He had so many. There were signs all about the music room giving directions for opening and closing doors and windows, and for putting things away. . . . And the music room key! Attached to a board the size of a shingle there was no possibility of its ever being lost.

Of all the incidents I remember, I like this one best. It happened in our Music Appreciation course. All year we had been studying Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, and others, and for our final examination we were supposed to recognize snatches from some of the classics of these composers which we had studied. We were all somewhat worried about the examination. Heavens only knew what obscure passages he might select for us to remember. . . . The examination day came. Leo seated his great person before his tiny, portable piano, and played various passages as he had promised. Then he said to us:

"I am going to play something now that I don't believe you have ever heard before. When I finish playing it, I want you to write the name of the composer you think might have written it. Give full explanation for your choice."

Then he played a charming number. I liked it immediately. It was short, dainty, light, melodic. . . . I mentally went over the list of composers we had studied. One of the earlier ones, I thought. I believe that I wrote that Mozart had written it, and then proceeded to prove my choice. I wrote long pages about why Mozart had written this piece. After class we students hastily compared answers as students do. One of my classmates calmly insisted that Beethoven was

definitely the composer. Another objected, "It was Haydn." I had by this time quite convinced myself that Mozart was the right one. . . . After awhile, my curiosity got the better of me. I walked down Professor's Row and rang Leo's bell.

"*Who* wrote that music, Professor Lewis?" I asked. I remember that twinkle in his eye, and his wide smile.

"My child," he told me, "I wrote that music."

I didn't see him correcting our examination papers. I wish I had. What amusement he must have had at our extravagant praises.

Later we had the opportunity to hear him receive some real appreciation. The Peoples Symphony Orchestra had played his "Blot on the Escutcheon" and in answer to a prolonged applause, Leo rose from the box where he was sitting. No timid, shrinking composer was this to rise and make an anti-climax to his music. He was a marvelous figure standing there. Leonine, his white head, and van dyke beard gleaming. He was majestic, radiant, a richly colored Rembrandt.

Leo's trick of using ponderous words was always a source of great enjoyment to me. Never would he let one word do the work of four. He preferred the four. Sometimes in class, I'd attempt to take down verbatim, his inimitable sentences. They became so involved, twisting about until you believed he could never extricate himself. I think part of my enjoyment of his classes was the unraveling of his tremendous phrases. He wrapped his thoughts in layer after layer of words. It was fun to unwrap them. How he enjoyed words! Sometimes he would stop in sheer delight at his discovery of an apt phrase. . . . His explanation of *Til Eulenspiegel* was a masterpiece.

Once he gave a Sunday afternoon lecture at the Boston Public Library.

I played in an octette that time, I remember. And then Leo began to lecture. How I enjoyed watching those people, their mouths hanging open at this burst of language. Words, three-feet long, came tumbling out. Great, periodic sentences trailed off into nowhere. But they were impressed, I can tell you. I longed to tell them it was all a game, and that the listener was to try to get these ideas untangled. . . . But they were too much dazzled by Leo. They were content to watch him gesticulate and send out these marvelous words. I doubt very much that they understood what he was saying, at all. They were content to bask in the sun of all this erudition.

Some years after my graduation I attended Tufts Night at Symphony Hall because I knew that Leo was going to direct. There he was with his baton . . . a little thin, I thought, but still filled with unquenchable fire. I imagined I saw a look in the upturned faces of those symphony players, as if, they too recognized his greatness. They seemed to be paying him homage. Later he was in the hallway surrounded by his students. . . . Catching sight of me, he called out, "Oh, hello, can you come to the house and see a new 'cello, I've just got?". . . . This was his greeting. . . and it had been so many years. . . He made them sound like a number of weeks. . . . He is timeless, I thought. Looking at the eager students crowding about him, I wished that I could once more go with him to the Symphony concerts, and sit beside him in the last row of the balcony ("Best seats in the house!") Now these young students were going with him. . . . Sitting beside him as he spread the score on his knees.

I have spoken of these things as though they were in the past. . . So they are to me. . . . But Leo is the present. . . . I am grateful to him.

By MARION FROST TOWNEND.

1926.

Charlotte, North Carolina

Alumnæ News



MRS. LEON ALEXANDER, formerly Miss Virginia Young, was married at Central Steel Creek Presbyterian Church the latter part of December. Virginia is continuing her study of music here at Queens.



MISS VIRGINIA SAMPSON, editor of our Coronet last year, came back to visit us at our Christmas dinner. She is now working at the Duke Power Company. But she has not lost her interest in journalistic work; two of her articles have been published in the Power Magazine.



MRS. WILLIAM HENRY MORRISON, '32, was Miss Sara Spratt of Charlotte before her marriage on December 14 at the Second Presbyterian Church, Alexandria, Virginia. Sara, while at Queens, was a member of Chi Omega sorority. Before her marriage she was with the knit shop of Efrid's.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of MISS ANN WEST, of Jacksonville, Florida, to Mr. E. B. Garrett in February in the First Presbyterian Church at Jacksonville. Mr. and Mrs. Garrett are making their home on Louise Avenue in Charlotte. Ann attended Queens in '33-'34, and was a business student last year. She is a member of Kappa Delta sorority.

MISS FRANCES GARRETT, a student at Queens the first semester, was married to Mr. James Harold Smith at St. John's Baptist Church in Charlotte on December 31. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are making their home on Clement Avenue in Charlotte. Mrs. Smith is a member of Alpha Delta Theta sorority.



MRS. CLARENCE GUY RUDISILL, JR., was Miss Elizabeth Hoyle before her marriage on December 13th in Lincolnton. Mrs. Rudisill was graduated from the music department of Queens.



MRS. HERVEY RIVES KING was formerly Miss Alva Guy of Charlotte. Alva attended Queens in '32-'34. She is now making her home in Greensboro.



MRS. J. LEE DAGENHARDT, '34, was Miss Ruth Kale before her marriage November 27 in Belmont. Mary, Clara, and Betty Kale, students at Queens, attended the wedding.



MISS ELEANOR HAYES, '35, has just returned from New York, where she spent the fall and early winter. She says that she had a grand time going to shows and seeing everything. She worked at Macey's some, too, while she was there.

MRS. CHARLES BATES MITCHELL, '29, is a graduate of Chicora. Before her marriage on November 23rd in Bethune, South Carolina, she was Miss Mary Louise McLaurin. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell are now living in Charlotte.



INTER-HONORARY FRATERNITY COUNCIL

THE Inter-Honorary Fraternity Council at Queens-Chicora consists of the presidents of the various honorary fraternities at the college. The council has as its purpose the establishment of unity among the honorary fraternities which results in a co-operative spirit on the part of each member of an honorary club. Through the efforts of this council interesting programs on travel have been presented at the college this year. This has been a project in which every honorary group at Queens has taken a part.

The first of these lectures was given by Dr. M. A. Graham, who spoke on "Norway, the Beautiful." Dr. Graham, advisor for Phi Beta Chi and for this council, spent last summer traveling through Norway and Finland. Her lecture was illustrated by means of the delineascope which the Inter-Honorary council is purchasing with the proceeds from the lectures.

The next travel lecture was given by Dr. Lucile K. Delano on "Moorish Influence on Spain." Dr. Delano is advisor for the Spanish Club. The latest lecture was on "Rome, the Eternal City." Miss Alma T. Edwards, faculty member of the Latin Club, was the speaker. The lectures will continue for the remainder of the year. The aim of the council, which is manifested by the lectures, is to "enable young women to fully appreciate the arts, classics, and sciences, to endow them with a capacity for understanding them, and to inspire them so that they voluntarily seek them."

Miss Mary Frances Ehrlich is president of the 1935-36 Inter-Honorary Fraternity council. Members are Miss Ehrlich, Betty Manning, Louise Orr, Katherine Crowell, Ione Smith, Margaret True, Frances Query, Frances Hunsucker, Mary McMaster, Rachel Hamilton, and Dr. Graham, advisor.

The Olympian Circle, chapter of Alpha Kappa Gamma on our campus, recognizes outstanding leaders at Queens-Chicora. This national leadership fraternity's purpose is to foster high ideals and set up high standards for those women who have proved themselves most eminent in constructive leadership among their fellow students; to promote desirable co-ordination of various college interests, activities, and organizations; to preserve the ideals and traditions of the institutions; to bring together the students and faculty on a basis of mutual interest and understanding. Members are chosen in an impressive tap ceremony each Fall and Spring. The officers are: President, Ione Smith; Vice-President, May Lebby Smith; Secretary, Bettie Wicker; Treasurer, Anne Batten. Other members are Rachel Hamilton, Betty Manning, Thorburn Lillard, Mary Phillips, Frances Y. Query, Loise Thompson, Margaret Trobaugh, Margaret True, Mary Wilson. Associate members are Dr. Ethel Abernethy, Miss Alma T. Edwards, Miss Ruth Grover, Dr. Althea H. Kratz, Miss Mary Louise Thomas.

ALPHA KAPPA GAMMA

The Spanish Club exists for the purpose of providing students of Spanish and others interested with an opportunity to acquire a broad background of Spanish life and customs, of Spanish history, and of the highlights of Spanish literature. The club was founded last year by Dr. Lucile K. Delano and Margaret Crocker. Ann Madre is president of the club this year.

SPANISH CLUB

The Dramatic Club is represented by a group of the most talented students from the class in Expression. The club is limited to a membership of 14 students who are chosen by the Dramatic director. Miss Ethel King is director and Margaret Land is president of the group which is called the "Queens' Players" this year. Members are Roberta Kilgore, Jane Wiley, Thelma Robinson, LeGrande Long, Catherine King, Lucille Kidd, Jennie Ann Efrid, Peggy Sabine, Margaret Land.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The Art Club was formed for the purpose of advanced study of phases of art and artists. Membership is limited to those art students who have exhibited a strong interest in the study. Martha Ward is president and Miss Lillian Bremer is the club sponsor. Other members are Martha Elizabeth Alexander, Sara Catherine Ashcraft, Dorothy Baker, Sara Kelly Lillard, and Loise Thompson.

ART CLUB

The Choral Club is composed of musically talented students who desire to gain a knowledge and appreciation of beautiful and harmonious singing. A Christmas concert is presented by the club each year. Groups from the club perform on many college programs, and plans are being made for concert trips this year. Miss Grace Robinson is director of the club. Mary McMaster is president and Mary Currie is secretary. Members are Marie Neikirk, Jean Stough, Margaret Trobaugh, Frances Smith, Elizabeth Gammon, Harriete Truesdale, Mildred Lowrance, Kathleen Lowrance, Jean Carter, Elsie Setzer, Ione Smith, Josephine Rankin, Mary Currie, Mary McMaster, Rebecca Ann Cooke, Martha Stewart, Katherine Alexander, Catherine Todd, Rachel Hamilton, Lois Hodges, Mary Elizabeth Kimbirl, Martha Raney, Josephine McDonald, Marie Burton, Helen Cumnock, Louise Denham, Jean Craven, Dorothy Carson, Kathleen Waggoner, Ora Lee Daugherty, Sara Durant, Iris Harmon, Caroline Morris, Mary Alice Craft, Nanette Sherard, Frances O'Hair, Jo Hackney, Virginia Cagle, accompanist, Helen West, Sally McDowell, Dot Morrison, Margaret Montgomery, Sudie Lowder.

CHORAL CLUB

The members of the French Club endeavor to increase the knowledge of French institutions, literature, art, and people, and to create a sympathetic feeling toward them on our campus. This organization attempts to sponsor at least one public program a year. Their successful offering this year was the French picture "La Maternelle," which was shown before a large and appreciative audience here last Fall. Miss Ida Patrick is the sponsor for the club and she will give an illustrated lecture on France soon. Members are Frances Query, president; Mary Franklin, vice-president; Marion Price, secretary; Annie Murray Long, treasurer; Miss Ida Patrick, faculty advisor; Anne Batten, Louise Morris, Mary Louise Davidson, Margaret Thompson, Helen Thompson, Martha Grace Hood.

FRENCH CLUB

HOME ECONOMICS CLUB

The Home Economics Club is composed of home economics students who have maintained a high scholastic average and who are interested in the work of the department. The object of the club is to promote cooperation and good feeling among the members and to further an interest in Home Economics activities. Our local club is affiliated with the State and National Home Economics Associations. The officers are, President, Louise Orr; Vice-President, Margaret Morton; Secretary, Caroline Wearn; Treasurer, Margaret Garrison. Members are Thorburn Lillard, Marguerite Ballard, Jean Craven, Thelma Cately, Lura Coffey, Bettie Cabell, Ellinor Clayton, Dorothy Duckett, Frances Dowd, Myrtle Dowd, Ora Lee Daugherty, Mary Durden, Emily Ferguson, Louise Faircloth, Agnes Gwaltney, Sara Griffith, Margaret Garrison, Josephine Hackney, Margaret Hunsucker, Carolyn Hodge, Louise Holland, Lucile Hill, Martha Johnston, Carolyn Kuykendal, Blanche Lethco, Katherine Martin, Dorothy McCoy, Sally McDowell, Norma Moore, Margaret Montgomery, Margaret Morton, Stacie Orr, Frances Poole, Faye Queen, Laura Frances Query, Elsie Rowe, John Wright, Freddie Ward, Helen Williams, Mary Wilson, Mildred Young, Caroline Wearn, Louise Orr. Faculty members are Mrs. Warren H. Booker and Miss Mary Fulton.

I. R. C.

The International Relations Club is a national organization of which the club on our campus is a chapter. The club has as its purpose the promotion of interests in national and international affairs through unbiased discussion at the meetings of crucial world questions, and the sponsoring of this purpose on the campus. Membership in this club is limited to those students who have maintained certain scholastic averages and who have shown an interest in world affairs. Professor R. V. Kennedy is the faculty advisor for the club. Members of the club present chapel programs on historical occasions during the year and endeavor to give one international function each year. The personnel of the club is as follows: Frances Hunsucker, president; Henrietta Henderson, vice-president; Adeline Kilgore, secretary; Roberta Kilgore, treasurer; Jean Kent Early, Jane Ellen Taylor, Frances Y. Query, Betty Manning, Bettie Wicker, Rachel Boylston, Martha Grace Hood, Eugenia Brumley.

KAPPA OMICRON

Kappa Omicron, honorary English fraternity, recognizes distinctive scholarship in English and merit in associated subjects. Members of the club study phases of literature of special interest to the group, and attempt to further this interest on the campus. Katherine Crowell is president of the group; Roberta Kilgore is vice-president; Margaret True is treasurer. Other members are Betty Manning, Margaret Trobaugh, Sara Hunsucker, Frances Y. Query, Anne Batten. Dr. Agnes Stout and Mrs. John Lyon are faculty advisors.

MATHEMATICS CLUB

The Mathematics Club exists for the purpose of binding together those students interested in mathematics into a closer relationship for the stimulation of interest in mathematics, the enjoyment of mathematics, through study of its history and contributors, and the maintenance of high scholarship in the college mathematics department. The officers are: President, Ione Smith; Vice-President, Helen Thompson; Secretary and Treasurer, Margaret True. Miss Olive Jones and Miss Marie Turnipseed are sponsors for the club. Other members are Jane Ellen Taylor, Henrietta Henderson, Martha Grace Hood, Margaret Trobaugh, Harriet Brown, Lynch Crockett, Alice Crowell, Jane Wiley, Sara Paxton, Edith Gallant, Dorothy Faircloth, Martha Grey, Doris Joines, Helen Jordan, Elizabeth Martin, Josephine McDonald, Barbara Shatzer, Virginia Taylor, Eleanor Woodcock.

ALPHA LAMBDA MU

Alpha Lambda Mu is our honorary music fraternity whose members have shown outstanding talent and interest in music and who have a fixed scholarship rating. The fraternity purposes to sponsor concerts and artists at the college and to create a love of good music on the part of the students. Rachel Hamilton is president of the musical group; Sarah Hunsucker is vice-president; Eugenia Brumley is secretary-treasurer. The sponsor of Alpha Lambda Mu is Miss Mary Wharton. Other members will be taken in in the Spring. Only those students who are full-time music students are eligible for membership.



SNAPSHOTS

That was some snow—Hodge and Courtney are trying to make that 11 o'clock class, by borrowing the Park Place taxi. And are those cuties from the Institute? To be suah—but who is the daring miss, third in line?

Here's the original girl flying on the flagpole, and Mrs. Wilson caught in the act of collecting bottles. A pretty snow scene of Burwell, and a solitary Mr. Monroe on back campus. No wonder Ruth Knee caught flu—the idea of sleeping through three classes in the snow.

That third gal was Emma—this picture proves it. Two bosses—and mighty good ones—Grover and Phillips. Those benches make this look like a deserted picnic ground.

Oh, my—classes so early that the girls don't finish breakfast. Betsy gives all of hers to Nancy who seems pretty anxious to get it. And Lucy, Nell and Martha take it very seriously. That big black car is nothing but a laundry truck—these are found in even the best of colleges.

Phi Beta Chi is the honorary science fraternity at the college. The purpose of the club is to promote interest in science by keeping up with current scientific investigations, by means of lectures by prominent scientists, and by means of general discussions. Dr. M. A. Graham, Dr. Dorisse Howe, Mrs. McEwen, and Miss Sara Nooe are faculty sponsors. Mary Frances Ehrlich is president of the club; Frances Hunsucker, vice-president; Ida Virginia Miller, secretary; Martha Hood, treasurer. Members are Frances Hunsucker, Mary Frances Ehrlich, Dorothy Ehrhardt, Ione Smith, Adeline Kilgore, Dot Senn, Virginia Senn, Ida Virginia Miller, Martha Grace Hood, Betty Wicker.

PHI BETA CHI

Iota Xi is the honorary journalistic fraternity on our campus. The purpose of the fraternity is to select capable editors and business managers for the college publications. Members of the organization also act in an advisory capacity concerning contracts, and questions relating to the publishing of the newspaper and the annual. Dr. Agnes Stout is the faculty member of the club. Margaret True is president of Iota Xi. Members are Anne Batten, Betty Manning, Martha Ware Pitts, May Lebby Smith, Ione Smith, Caroline Hodge.

IOTA XI

NATURE POETRY

SONNET

The sun sails high and sets at eventide,
But daylight often lingers on for hours;
It's then the fever and the heat subside,
And bring a tranquil peace to soothe the powers.
The storms that spent themselves in early day
Have left a cleaner calmer peace
The showers of afternoon have gone away
At last the daylight has its own release.
The fear and trouble of the day are gone
And night draws on with true assurance sweet
The twilight gives away to night alone
For day without the night is incomplete.
One lives a life a day so full and free
Then sleeps to wait God's Great Eternity.

LOIS D. WILSON.

LET ME LIVE OUT OF DOORS

Let me live out of doors the whole day through,
In autumn, when the days are bright
When the world is a song in color
And the color is at its height.

Let me live out of doors and feel the wind
As it rushes gaily by
Shouting its song the whole day long,
As happy and carefree as I.

Let me live out of doors and feel the leaves
As they drift so slowly down
Each bringing a different color
To a carpet for the ground.

Let me live out of doors and know the sweetness
of the world just after rains
Let me know the beauty and completeness
Of all the powers the world contains.

Let me live out of doors where the world is at peace
And beauty and nature are free
Out in the open where I can commune
With God and He with me.

LOIS D. WILSON.

A PRAYER FOR COURAGE

Oh! Father God, and Lord of Grace
I humbly bow in prayer.
Remove my weakness. In its place
Implant pure courage there.
Renew my heart and make it strong
New duties come my way
Give me courage to see the wrong
And meet each coming day.
For days seem often hard and long
My cross so hard to bear
So now 'tis for a smile and song
I offer up my prayer.
Oh, teach me that thy ways are right
And life must still go on—
The "darkest hours of all the night
Come just before the dawn."
Oh, Father, give me courage new,
And may I live for Thee
I need thy help and thy strength too
So stay thou close to me.

AMEN.

LOIS WILSON.

..COLOR..

White, the tiny cottage.
Crimson, the flower bed
Black, the sturdy treetrunk
Gold, the tousled head.
Blue, the sky above her
Green, the moss beneath.
Twinkling eyes, fingers busy
Twisting a daisy wreath.

SUE MAXWELL MAULDIN.

..TWILIGHT..

The golden sun sinks in the west;
The clouds reflect its loveliness.
The stars as twinkling lights appear;
And the new moon's crescent, very dear
To Beauty's heart, bestows upon me
Peace.

SUE MAXWELL MAULDIN.

“HOME OF THE BLACK MAN”

Through the dark and tangled jungle
Echoes far the leopard's cry
Rivaled by the heavy crash
Of a reckless elephant herd.
Murmurs low and chattered whispers
Spread in awesome tension 'round.
Onward through the mighty forest
Till with glaring burst of light
Part regretfully the trees
Around a stream in headlong race.
Hushed are now the jungle's echoes.
Hear the river's rapid rush,
O'er its torrents low-dipping palms
With graceful spread of fringed arms.
Stretched upon the distant sand bank
Lies the basking crocodile
With wary, watchful eye.
With guttural grunt the hippo
Lumbers to the river's edge,
Heavily splashes and submerges.
Struggling 'gainst the wilful current
Black men wield their frail canoes
In faultless rhythm dip they the oars,
Flinging out a diamond spray.
Struggling, struggling on and winning
Now victorious—glide the Black Men
To the jungle-tangled shore.
O'er the river rolls the rumble
Of the steady-beating tom-tom
Hear it thunderously proclaim:
This the home,
This the realm,
Of the Black Man!

LOUISE CRANE.

“STORMS”

There are many storms
That mean much to me:
The hard rain-falls,
The storms at sea.
The wind that whistles
Through tall firm trees.
The cold white storms
Stirred by no soft breeze.
But the only storm that
Causes one alarm
Is the brainstorm I have
Near your electric charm.

BY MARGARET DUCKETT.

I'LL PRETEND

Why do I feel so lonely
Tired, and downhearted too,
What is this dull aching pain
That comes when the day is through?

I know that I do not love you—
At least, I'm making believe
My thoughts have risen above you
My love is on reprieve.

I pretend so well in broad daylight
With duties and tasks to do
But the thought that fills me every night
Is how much I really miss you.

But—it's been a joy to love you.
My longing and pain will go
If I keep on trying to forget you.
But why must it go so slow?

BY LOIS WILSON.

DAYS

A setting sun—a western sky,
A curfew tolled—a day passed by.
How many thoughts, how many tasks
Have been to naught myself I ask.
I close my eyes but still I see
Lost opportunity on life's dark sea.

A rising sun—an eastern sky,
A gay cock crows—a new day's nigh,
Filled with thoughts, filled with tasks.
Look to the future not to the past
I use my eyes to see the best,
To do the wise, forget the rest.

MARY LOUISE CURRIE.

THE LIVING HORACE

A CELEBRATION in which the whole world took part has just been completed. Practically all the civilized nations have joined in doing honor to a man born 2,000 years ago, but whose influence is still alive, molding the thought and adding to the happiness of all who read and study him.

This man is a son of Italy born 65 years before Christ. His name is Quintus Horatius Flaccus, known by the friendly name of Horace. For our purpose it is necessary to say but little of his life except to show that he was born of poor parents, yet in spite of very humble surroundings he arrived at greater fame than any other man of his day, with the possible exception of Virgil. His father, though poor, spared no pains to educate his son, just as Horace in his more mature years spared no words in his expression of gratitude for such a father. By the time of his 23rd birthday he had studied in Italy's capital, in Athens, where high born young men were his companions, and was ready to enter upon his career. His ready wit, his common sense, his sane philosophy of life soon won for him the friendship of the best men of his time, and such high lights as Maecenas, Virgil, and even Augustus himself became his close companions and friends. From them he gained inspiration, and what was equally necessary—his Sabine farm. He lived only 57 years, but when one thinks of all the people he knew and touched intimately, of the journeys he made at a time when few men travelled, of the leisure he had for musing and chatting and writing, his life seems to be of quite normal length.

And so we leave the simple facts of Horace's life and pass on to his works, for it is to his poetry that we must look if we are to discover that lasting monument of which he writes. His works fall into three divisions: Satires, Odes, and Epistles.

In his satires Horace is an interpreter of life. Although he satirizes peo-

ple, their habits, their customs, and life in general, he does it in a joking sort of way. He knows that quite often a joke may settle weighty matters better than a sharp rebuke. The dominant note of the satires is good humor. He satirizes a class rather than an individual and a sin rather than a sinner. The names that he invented by which he denoted some particular types of people afford an interesting study—"Grab-all" for borrower; "Rich-hard" for a wealthy skinflint; "Newly" for an upstart. These names remind one of the names of characters in the early English drama; and even today we find names of this sort in our comic sheets.

The two most famous satires are entitled "The Bore" and "A Trip to Brundisium." Both of these are delightful reading. The Bore episode causes the reader to smile at an experience that he himself has had. Times are quite the same and bores are still in pursuit. The "Trip to Brundisium" makes one feel that he is actually a member of the party which is traveling from Rome to Brundisium. Indeed, the journey is so vividly described with all the attendant pleasures and discomforts—the sting of mosquitoes and the croaking of frogs—that during the summer of 1935 a pilgrimage was made by a group of lovers of Horace over the 350 miles of the Appian way along the route which Horace and his friends followed in their journey from Rome to Brundisium in 38 B. C.

It was, however, Horace's odes which at once raised him to the front rank of Roman poets and assured his fame. They are really little songs and beautiful gems. As a master in lyric form Horace is unexcelled among Roman poets. One simple theme after another he weaves into his lovely patterns. "Carpe Diem," seize your opportunity, "Seek Not Riches," "Till the Soil, and Plant the Vine," "Live Worthy of the Gods," "Pile High the Logs on Winter's Hearth," "Seek

Peace of Heart," "Tempt Not the Gods," "Have Courage and Fidelity." These lines and hundreds more have become maxims and household words for lovers of Horace.

It was natural that six years after the publication of his three books of odes he should be chosen by Augustus to compose the *Carmen Saeculare* to be sung at the Roman games held in 17 B. C. in honor of Rome's growth and greatness. This is an ode written to order to be sung by a chorus of youths and maidens. During the bimillenary festival the *Carmen Saeculare* was produced and sung at Rome and at Horace's birthplace, Venusia.

The *Epistles* reveal Horace as a moralist and a literary critic. Some of the epistles are genuine letters such as one friend might write to another; others are simple disquisitions in verse form on questions of life, letters, or philosophy."

The longest of Horace's poems and the one that approaches nearest to the character of a formal treatise is the *Ars Poetica*. It is largely didactic. In it Horace summarizes three principles for authors—only write if you have the flair; submit your work to competent opinion; keep it by you for four years before publication. Many literary critics have found their inspiration here.

Through his works Horace has lived for 2,000 years. His influence can be traced from its beginning during his life time up to the present. His popularity during his own day has been especially attested to by the fact that he was chosen to write the Saecular Hymn for use in the greatest religious and patriotic festival of the times. Then, too, he lived to see his own works introduced as texts in Roman schools. It is rather amusing to read Horace's tenth Satire, where he makes fun of those producers of verse who aspire to have their published works used as textbooks to teach the ignorant how to write. "Are you foolish enough to prefer that your songs be dictated

in the commonest schools? That surely is not my ambition." And yet, poor Horace is best known in the classroom!

In the times immediately following his lifetime Horace had many imitators and there were many critics and interpreters of his works. During the Middle Ages with all the change and turmoil Horace was not lost. The works of this pagan poet were preserved in the monasteries. Then at the beginning of the 11th century we have direct evidence that he is being used in the schools. In the 12th century in general acquaintance with Horace among cultivated men may be taken for granted. But the 13th and 14th centuries mark a decline in intellectual life. This decline in humane studies meant also a decline of interest in Horace. We know that a purchaser wanting to buy a copy of Horace in 1370 is apparently unable to find it. This lack of interest was arrested only by the Rebirth of Learning. There was an intellectual movement back to the classical authors and the classical civilizations. Horace entered into new life.

For 400 years now it can hardly be denied that Horace rather than Virgil has been the representative Latin poet of humanism. This does not mean that Horace is greater than Virgil, or that he is as great. Virgil is still the poet of stately movement and of beautiful narrative, and the poet of the grand style. He remained the admired, but Horace became the friend. Professor Duff says, "While Virgil wins admirers, Horace wins friends." And this is as Horace would have wished it for he says, "Nothing while in my right mind would I compare to the delight of a friend." Wherever Horace has been read he has left a happy memory of himself and an inspiration for sane and truthful living.

Down to the present there have been about 90 English translations of complete *Odes* of Horace, 70 German, 100 French, and 48 Italian. Indeed, there have been more translations or attempts to translate him than is the case with any other author. But Horace is really an untranslatable poet. His dic-

tion, meter, and arrangement of words is so perfect that after him no Latin lyric poet arose who was worthy of the name. Still, he is the most quoted and the most quotable of Latin poets.

Horace's influence on English writers has been immense. Showerman says, "Wordsworth has an intimate familiarity with Virgil, Catullus, and Horace, but loves Horace best; Coleridge thinks highly of his literary criticism; Byron, who was greatly fond of him, frequently quotes him; Shelley reads him with pleasure; Browning's *Ring and the Book* contains many quotations from him; Thackeray makes use of phrases from the *Odes* with an ease and facility which only close intimacy could produce; Andrew Lang addresses to him the most charming of his *Letters to Dead Authors*; and Austin Dobson is inspired by him in many of his exquisite poems in lighter vein."

What of his influence on our own American authors? The poets Field, Untermeyer, and Franklin P. Adams show by their works that they have intimate knowledge of Horace. What is more surprising is the fact that we find clear traces of his influence on such American writers as Emerson, James Huneker, Longfellow and Edgar Allan Poe. Huneker, who died only in 1922 and who was one of America's greatest critics of art, music, and literature, writes in his autobiography, "Horace is ever at my elbow." Poe used *Odes* of Horace to support his own theories of composition and refers to Horace as "dear Quinty." Thus we see that Horace and his influence are at work even at the present time.

Why has Horace lived for 2,000 years influencing in so marked a way life and literature? Is it not that his works have a universal and an eternal appeal? He is the interpreter of life, not only of his own times, but of all times. He knows human nature. He says not only are all men the victims of insatiable desire, but all are alike subject to the uncertainties of fate. The soldier, the lawyer, the farmer, the trader, sweep over the earth in the passion for gain, like dust in a whirlwind—all are dissatisfied. And Death

lurks in readiness to seize each. But if man is wise he may find enjoyment in life. The first step toward this enjoyment of the human lot is acquiescence; the second, to make wise use of life's advantages. Take advantage of the day and put no faith in the morrow. Yet Horace's counsel is always for moderation. He is not a wine-bibber, and he is not a total abstainer. Love is a contribution to life's pleasure; do not abuse it. Horace locates the sources of happiness in his own breast. Real happiness consists in peace of mind and heart. Horace is of exceeding value as an influence in the formation of a philosophy of life, offering to his readers a healthy foundation on which to build their own philosophy.

Horace well deserves the honors that are being heaped upon him on this bimillennial occasion. And yet another element enters into the Italian background of the celebration. The Institute of Roman Studies, which had a large part in the preparation of the program, is engaged in reviving the use of Latin as a universal language. Is there a better means to this end than a revival of interest in a Roman poet whom many people have at some time or other read and loved?

Now organized in all the larger Italian cities the Institute has enlisted the cooperation of a number of similar societies abroad in addition to the foreign schools and societies established in Rome. Some of the activities of the Institute are the compilation of a Latin dictionary of Latin equivalents for the modern technical terms of banking, insurance, and the sciences; the production of summaries in Latin of the proceedings of International Congresses. Here then lies the very practical aim behind the widespread celebration of Horace's bimillenary.

So with grateful heart we repeat his tribute:

"I shall not wholly die; nay, I shall for the most part escape the funeral goddess, nor shall I cease to be reborn again and again, my glory always increasing."

BY ROBERTA KILGORE.

REDDY KILOWATT



DEAR GIRLS:

*I Am Anxious
About Your Eyes.
You could not
see without
light. Why ac-
cept poor light-*

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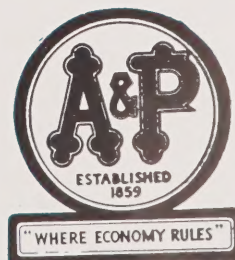
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